

Ice Cream and Permission by DeathByShyKid

Series: [Harrington and his Stupid Kids \(One-Shots\)](#) [2]

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Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Steve Harrington, The Stranger Things Kids, Will Byers

Relationships: Eleven & Steve Harrington & Dustin Henderson, Steve Harrington & Dustin Henderson, Steve Harrington & Eleven, Steve Harrington & Jim "Chief" Hopper, Steve Harrington & Lucas Sinclair, Steve Harrington & Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Steve Harrington & Mike Wheeler, Steve Harrington & The Stranger Things Kids, Will Byers & Steve Harrington

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Summary:

Steve and the kids go and get ice cream, having a great time. That is until Hopper pulls up and starts to get mad at Steve who is just as confused as the other kids, well, not all of them. Apparently, Eleven hadn't exactly gotten permission to come and hang out with her friends for a few hours.

Ice Cream and Permission

"There, happy?" Steve grumbled lowly, handing over some cash for the ice creams he'd just bought the kids. The six of them simultaneously bobbed their heads, licking off their popsicles and fudge pops and ice cream cones.

"Thanks for the ice cream." Will smiled brightly.

This got a course of "Thank you, Steve!" from the other kids as they went back to their frozen treats.

He chuckled at them, running a hand through his famous hair, "Yeah, yeah, just stop asking on such short notice or I wouldn't have to buy you all three-dollar ice creams every time."

"Sorry, but El wanted to do something today and ice cream was all that we came up with," Mike stated, mouth already covered in chocolate.

"God, you kids are so fucking messy," Steve mumbled to himself, grabbing napkins off the counter behind him and throwing them to the kids. The baby Wheeler grabbed one graciously, wiping his chin thoroughly. The self-appointed-babysitter sat down in the free seat beside Lucas, "So, ice cream was the only thing you came up with? Not even that Danger Dungeon thing you kids play?"

"For the last time, Steve, it's Dungeons and *Dragons*, not Danger Dungeon," Dustin exclaimed, waving a dirtied hand around.

Steve placed a napkin in his open hand, getting a look from the younger kid, "Yeah, that's what I meant."

"Well, El doesn't know how to play Dungeons and Dragons yet," Lucas stated like it was the most obvious thing ever.

"Plus," Max popped in, licking her fingers, getting that 'stop-doing-that' look from Steve, "Eleven was the one who wanted to do something so." She waved her hands for emphasis.

"So, you let her choose," Steve stated, rolling his eyes at the lengthy

explanation.

"Yes," Eleven stated, slowly licking her ice cream.

He nodded at that, taking a sip of the soda that he'd gotten earlier, having not wanted ice cream at that moment, "So, what do you kids want to do afterward? Arcade? Some nerdy shit? Or am I taking you shitheads home?"

The group thought for a second before Eleven shook her head, "No."

Having been used to the 'yes' and 'no' responses from the badass little psychic, Steve raised an eyebrow, "You don't want to go home yet?"

She nodded, "Alone."

"Yeah, alright." He smiled slightly, "So, what's the plan now?"

Dustin sighed and crossed his arms, having just finished his ice cream, "I don't think most of us could go to the arcade. We all went last weekend and spent most of our change. It'd be pointless to go today."

"I agree with Dustin," Mike said, thinking intently.

"We could go ride our bikes around the neighborhood," Max suggested half-heartedly, not really liking the idea but having nothing else to give the group. Everyone shrugged, not really interested in the idea.

"Eggos?" Eleven looked at Steve, pointing in the direction of the supermarket.

"Sorry, but I only have enough money for gas, can't spend any more." Steve gave her an apologetic smile.

She nodded, slightly understanding, "Okay."

Lucas threw his trash away, coming back and slumping against the table, "Well, we could go back to Mike's place and play board games."

"I don't think Eleven would understand most of them." Mike said,

"And half of them are four player games or they're too hard to explain."

Steve sighed at the indecisiveness, "Isn't there anything at all you little shits could do?"

"Can we play by the lake, like skip rocks or something?" Will suggested quietly.

"That actually doesn't sound that bad." Lucas thought for a second on it.

"We could teach El how to throw rocks across the water." Mike piped in.

"Throw rocks?" Eleven whispered to herself mostly, getting a nod from the boy beside her.

"Yeah!" Dustin cheered.

"Yeah, no." Their self-appointed-babysitter shook his head, butting in on their exciting forms.

"What, *why*?" Max gave him a dirty look.

"If one of you diphits fall in then it's *my* fault." He crossed his arms, "Plus, I bet the water is too cold for any of you to be playing in."

Dustin huffed, "We're not going to *play* in the *water*."

"Don't care." Steve stated, "Find something else to do or"

"HARRINGTON!"

The teenager froze, turning his head quickly, seeing a livid sheriff walking towards him. He blinked in surprise, mind going over everything he'd ever done that would remotely cause for Hopper to be mad with him since the last he'd seen of the man. He couldn't think of anything. Steve stood up from the table, "Hopper? What's wrong?"

The older man stared into Eleven's eyes, "You took Jane out

without *permission*?"

"What?" The brunette gave him an incredulous look.

"You heard me, Harrington." Hopper's voice was stern.

"Yeah, but I didn't take her out without permission," Steve said back, looking at the girl quickly who looked suspicious.

He rubbed his temples, "And why is it that she's here without my knowledge?"

"I have no idea." The teenager shrugged, pointing to her, "Eleven said that you dropped her off at Mike's to hang out for a few hours. Dustin called and said that the party wanted some ice cream so I picked them up and here we are now."

Hopper froze for a second before heaving a long sigh, "Sorry for the accusation."

"What?"

"It seems that Jane here left the house without me knowing and walked to Mike's, saying that I dropped her off." His eyebrows furrowed together, "Isn't that right, Jane?"

She didn't look at him, "I wanted to see my friends."

Steve turned his head to look at her, "Why didn't you ask?"

"He was going to say no," Eleven said, looking up at him with her wide dark eyes.

"You don't know that." He raised an eyebrow, "He might have said yes and drove you all the way over to Mike's house. He might have said no but allowed the kids to come to the cabin."

"Or he might have made me stay home, alone." She crossed her arms.

"Yeah, but since you didn't ask, you'll never know." Steve suggested, turning to look at Hopper, whispering lowly, "You should let her have more freedom. Wouldn't want her to feel trapped, right?"

Hopper sighed, rubbing his forehead, "I'll pick you up at seven at Mike's tonight, alright?"

"Nine?" Eleven raised a questioning eyebrow.

"No."

"Eight-three-zero?"

"Eight-fifteen." Hopper rolled his eyes.

"Eight-one-five." She whispered to herself.

He sighed, turning back to the self-appointed-babysitter, "Keep them in line and if I'm at Mike's place and Jane's not there, you're dead, Harrington."

Steve chuckled, raising his hands in the air, "Yeah, got it." The sheriff nodded before walking towards his truck and driving off. Once he was out ear-shot, the brunette turned towards the kids, "Eleven, you've got to get better at asking for permission. I thought Hopper was going to strangle me."

"Thank you." She smiled.

Steve smiled slightly, "Yeah, yeah. I'm glad that you're having fun. So, has anyone figured out what they want to do?"

There was a collective groan of boredom.